

PENTECOST A.D. 1981



the Anglican digest

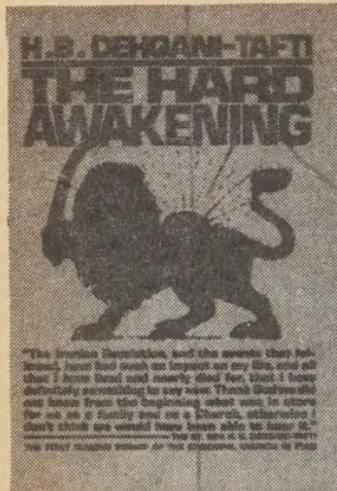
Dehqani and Runcie at Lambeth



EBC SUMMER BOOK
THE HARD AWAKENING

JUL 0

CREAM OF THE CROP-



The Hard Awakening is acquired by EBC members at a savings of more than four dollars (additional copies available for \$8.76, including postage). All other books mentioned herein may be bought by EBC members at 20% off publisher's price.

newly published book *The Hard Awakening*, the Episcopal Book Club selection for Summer, 1981. The title is inspired by a classic Persian poem: "Love seemed at first an easy thing — / But ah! the hard awakening."

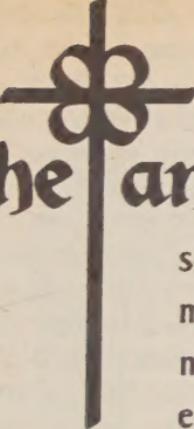
The readable volume from the hands of Bishop Dehqani-Tafti (the name rhymes with Sewanee-lofty) is a thoughtful but disciplined account of growth and sudden loss. We believe its writing has been a catharsis.

Should we, however, be surprised that anyone in shock and grief could almost at once put pen to paper? Not when we know that

(Continued on inside back cover)

Cover: Noted in front row of Anglican primates at Lambeth XI is H B Dehqani-Tafti, Bishop in Iran; author of *The Hard Awakening*, Summer '81 selection of the Episcopal Book Club; also noted to his left is Robert Runcie, then Bishop of St Albans, who has just completed his first official visit as Archbishop of Canterbury. (Photo by Gillman & Soames, Oxford) *Motif:* The articles devoted to Canterbury's U S tour are denoted by the Canterbury Cross which is believed to date from the eighth century and was found beneath a street in the Kentish market town.





the Anglican digest

some things old
 many things new
 most things borrowed
 everything true

OUR VERY PRESENT HELP



ONCE AGAIN it is our God-given privilege to celebrate the great Christian Feast of Pentecost and rejoice in its wonderful message of assurance that God is with us as an ever-present Helper. That is the meaning which lies behind the word "Comforter." The Holy Spirit has come, still comes, and will come to our aid and our rescue. He is our Strengthener, our Helper who will not abandon us to our own insufficient abilities.

Our Lord Jesus Christ anticipated God's gift of the Holy Spirit. When the shadows were lengthening over His earthly life, He assured His disciples that "the

Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, shall teach you all things and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you" (John 14:26). The Feast of Pentecost confirms the historical reality of our faith. Whatever men may or may not do, they cannot alter the fact that our world was the scene of God's great redeeming acts, and that in a human life He manifested the fullness of His grace and glory.

Having come into our world and into human life, God has never forsaken us. In our common existence in faith, witness and activity, God, through the continuing presence and strength of the Holy Spirit, remains forever our Helper.

When we reflect on our call to work for the unity of the Church and of all mankind, for social and economic justice, and for the peace of the world, we cannot fail to recognize the magnitude of our tasks. It is in reply to an overwhelming awareness of inadequacy that the message of Pentecost sounds in our ears with clarity and meaning.

We did not choose those tasks; we were chosen for them. The reason we are engaged in them at all is because God called us by the Holy Spirit to undertake them, and evoked from us a response of obedience. The Spirit also is ever helping our infirmities and inadequacies, making His strength perfect in our weakness. Therefore, Pentecost with its message of the Holy Spirit, the Helper, the Com-

forter, sounds for us here and now, and in our darkest hour, a great *Sursum Corda*: a gracious, enabling invitation to "Lift up your hearts" — our hearts.

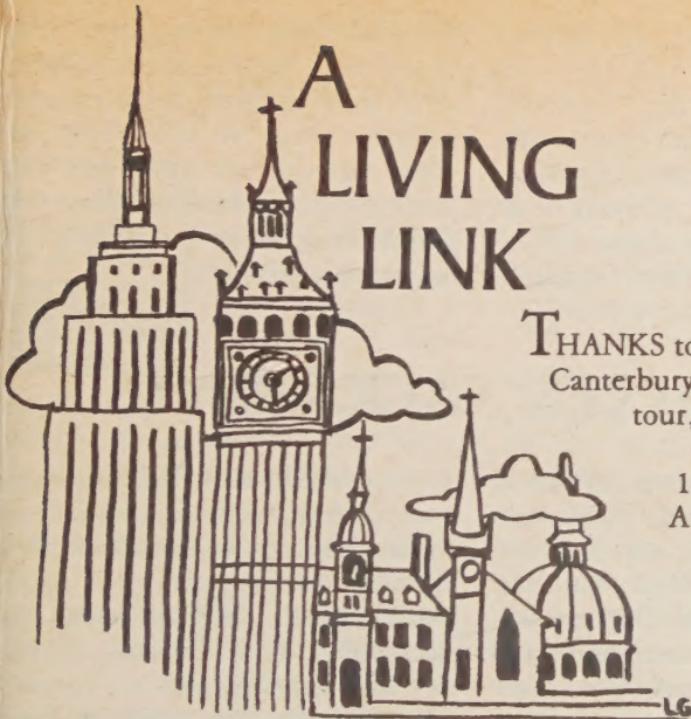
Pentecost is not only an assurance about the past and present, but also about the future: "... When He, the Spirit of Truth, is come . . . He will shew you things to come" (John 16:13). The truth about the future of the world and of the future of each of us, is in the mind of the Spirit. And the power to face and possess the future in the Name of Jesus Christ, is also the gift of the self-same Spirit, and of Him only. Hence, at Pentecost, we rejoice as we fervently pray for the Gift of gifts, the Holy Spirit, our Helper. —Fr Foster Chambers, Rector, Christ Church, Bastrop, Diocese of Western Louisiana

I know some muddle-headed Christians have talked as if Christianity thought that sex, or the body, or pleasure, were bad in themselves. But they were wrong. Christianity is almost the only one of the great religions which thoroughly approves of the body — which believes that matter is good, that God Himself once took on a human body, that some kind of body is going to be given to us even in Heaven and is going to be an essential part of our happiness, our beauty, and our energy. Christianity has glorified marriage more than any other religion; and nearly all the greatest love poetry in the world has been produced by Christians.

—C S Lewis (1898-1963)

FR JAMES B. SIMPSON, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

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A LIVING LINK



THANKS to the Archbishop of Canterbury's coast-to-coast U.S. tour, we are much better acquainted with the 102nd occupant of St Augustine's throne, a living link with our Anglican heritage. Dr Robert Runcie's visit to these shores raised many requests from our

readers: tell us *more* about him and his wife and his remarkable assistant and what *is* a Canterbury. So we've set out to do just that in this issue that is the first to follow upon the archiepiscopal visit—

- A personal profile of Dr Runcie, gathered from numerous persons.
- A vivid introduction to his envoy and deputy, Terry Waite, from *The Times* of London.
- An engaging interview with Rosalind Runcie, as told by the *Sunday Times*, London.
- A recollection of American visits by other Archbishops of Canterbury, a carefully researched article with input from many sources.

As Michael Ramsey once said with humility and truth, "I *am* the Apostolic Succession!" So, in no lesser sense, is the present Archbishop the most recent in the long line of primates dating back to the year 597.

Our distinguished visitor returns home to be the officiant at a royal wedding. The eyes of the world will be upon him — the Archbishop is traditionally the parish priest of the Royal Family — as a future King of

England kneels for the nuptial blessing in all the splendor and beauty of St Paul's Cathedral Church. But after that there awaits manifold duties and decisions — lonely, weighty, pressing — in the demanding day-to-day role as spiritual head of the Anglican

Communion throughout the world. He is worthy of our prayers. And since we pray most insightfully for those we know best, we invite you to turn the pages and learn more of the Most Reverend and Right Honorable Robert Alexander Kennedy Runcie. □

THE SEVEN SACRAMENTS

SACRAMENT is thus defined in Webster's *New World Dictionary* — "in Christianity, any of certain rites ordained by Jesus: baptism, confirmation, the Eucharist, penance, holy orders, matrimony and extreme unction are the seven recognized . . ." These then are the Seven Sacraments about which the Church teaches.

The following list directs attention to the biblical references which may be said to undergird these rites and practices and are an integral part of the Church's teaching:

BAPTISM: Receiving the person into Holy Church — *St John* 3:1-6, *St Matthew* 28:19;

CONFIRMATION: Laying on of hands with prayer upon those who are baptized and come to years of discretion — *The Acts* 8:12-17; 19:1-7;

CONFESSiON: The everyday name of the Sacrament of Penance — *St John* 20:21-23.

HOLY COMMUNION: The holy sacrifice of the Mass, the Eucharist — *St Luke* 22:19-20; *St John* 6:47-58; *I Corinthians* 11:23-29;

ORDINATION: The ordering of Deacons and of Priests — *Acts* 6:1-6; *I Timothy* 1:6;

MATRIMONY: The union of man and woman in holy wedlock — *St Mark* 10:2-12; *Ephesians* 5:22-33; *Colossians* 3:17-21;

HOLY UNCTION Anointing of a sick person with oil in the Name of the Lord — *St James* 5:14-15.

The above facts are presented with the hope that persons may be helped to become increasingly aware of the indisputable place of these Sacraments in the Church's rites and practices [and that they will seek] additional information . . . for developing clearer understanding of the significance of the Seven Sacraments. —Taddled from *The Guyana Diocesan Magazine and Gazette*



M'LORD OF CANTERBURY



TALL man with high forehead and kinky, reddish hair that seems to have been caught in a windmill, the 102nd Archbishop of Canterbury began his 7,000-mile U S tour (21 April-12 May) just four days short of having been in office a year and a month.

Such travels have acquainted many Anglicans with his life: born of Scots ancestry in Liverpool, World War II tank officer decorated for heroism under fire, an academic life spent mainly in and around Oxford or Cambridge (except for two years as a curate), a decade as *princeps* of Cuddesdon preparing future priests, a like period as Bishop of St Albans, and finally the announcement late in 1979 that he and his wife, son and daughter were going to Canterbury.

Grandly installed (see TAD's color photograph, Easteride '81), Runcie, 59, is like a new rector who immediately gets involved in a lot.

Within two months, off to Africa to inaugurate a new province (the Church of Burundi, Rwanda and Zaire), he crossed paths with another traveler, John Paul II. Although the 99th Arch-

bishop had broken the ice by calling at the Vatican after a chill of 563 years, it fell to Runcie to be the first to meet a Pontiff outside their immediate jurisdictions.

Their 45-minute talk (commemorated this spring by a Ghanaian postage stamp) was a good portent for the announcement that the Pope would visit England in 1982.

A Pope coming to Canterbury! Many smile at the prospect. Others frown. Both sides write endlessly to the newspapers. It's likely to be the ecumenical event of the year with Runcie, as host, at the center. The only regret is that it keeps him away for yet another season from the annual Trinity Institute, in New York and San Francisco, where predecessors Ramsey and Coggan were enthusiastically heard.

At Lambeth, the Archbishop (as he prefers to be called rather than Your Grace or Milord) has put together a team that sounds like a law firm — Hook, Third, Waite, and Chartres.

The giant of the group, towering Terry Waite (profiled elsewhere in this issue) not only made repeated trips as an emissary to Iran but also flew to the U S to plot out personally almost every step and breath the Archbishop would take

in his 21-day, coast-to-coast foray.

As for Hook and Third, they're bishops.

Ross Sydney Hook, 63, had been V Bishop of Bradford for eight years when he was tapped to be "chief personal assistant and head of personal staff" at Lambeth Palace, London, and the Old Palace, Canterbury.

Richard Henry McPhail Third, 53, was authorized last June "to take on responsibility for all the affairs of the Diocese of Canterbury." He had been Suffragan of Dover.

The fourth team member is the chaplain, the Rev'd Richard John Carew Chartres, 34, who graduated from Lincoln Theological College and became Runcie's man in '75.

Together they have freed Runcie to be more fully the official spokesman and international figure increasingly expected of the holder of an office that has existed for 1,383 years.

Runcie has given himself unreservedly to public and international statements of meaty thought and challenge, even before U.S. speeches on such topics as peace, hunger, and urban problems; his statements have covered everything from Free



Church covenanting to serious RC dialogue. He has also spoken out on homosexuality, and remarriage in Church of the divorced (still forbidden).

All in all, Runcie's killing pace of brain work and leg work earned him high marks by the first anniversary of his enthronement.

"Some of the subjects touched on [in March, 1981] including a glimpse of rare insight into Christian spirituality, have yet to be expanded and elaborated to the same extent as his ideas on morality or ecumenism," wrote one of the shrewder observers, columnist Clifford Longley. "There are signs, however, that Dr Runcie has some sort of agenda in his head, a shopping list of topics, needing his public attention and leadership, and he has by no means reached the bottom of it. His first year indicates the start of an interesting period in Anglicanism, an overdue renewal of basic ideas and a return to intelligent thinking about fundamentals."

Between times Runcie keeps turning up in contrasting places. One day he went to Buckingham Palace for the Queen's official consent to her son's marriage. In Holy Week in London's North Kensington he led meditations while Notting Hill blacks marched in a passion play procession lit by 500 flaming torches.

A more homey moment was a Lambeth fireside tea with snowy-thatched Lord Ramsey. *The Times* gave it an enormous play, a large two-column picture on its best-read page—the one that carries the Court Circular as well as the intriguing obituaries of Englishmen just gone to glory. Runcie poured gracefully as Lord Ramsey held up his tea cup. More than one cleric would have given many miters to be hiding under the table.

Lest his many interests defy personal description, Runcie himself has said he's a "radical Catholic."

The Church of England Yearbook takes the view that "he stands in the ecclesiastical and in-

tellectual tradition of Gore and Ramsey though he wears the traditional Anglo-Catholic colors with a late 20th century difference."

In the recent flap over the appointment of the Bishop of Truro to the See of London (see Miter Box), a leading layman went so far as to say, "There's nothing Catholic about Runcie! He's a High Church liberal."

Once again it's true that—traditional, radical, liberal, or whatever—there's no soft cushion in Augustine's cold marble chair that Runcie now occupies at the heart of the Anglican Communion. □



AT RUNCIE'S RIGHT HAND



MR TERRY Waite's role in the freeing of the Anglican missionaries in Iran is the latest chapter in an unusual church career.

He is a lay member of the Church of England with degrees in theology. Immediately before joining the personal staff of the Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth

Palace last year, his employer was the Roman Catholic Church.

In the Eternal City, he spent eight years as a consultant to the Medical Mission Sisters and subsequently to the Sisters of Immaculate Heart of Mary, two Roman Catholic teaching and nursing orders. Based at the orders'

headquarters in Rome, his role was to visit their mission organizations in Asia, Africa, and Latin America, to advise on the development of missionary work.

That included helping the orders to adapt to the changing circumstances of a missionary activity in a post-colonial society. The work has equipped him with valuable insight into the situation of Anglican missionary activity in Iran, particularly the problems which arise when a European form of Christianity encounters non-Western cultural barriers and misunderstandings.

His selection as a non-Catholic for the unusual post in the Roman Catholic Church was based on his reputation in Uganda, where he worked from 1968 to 1971 as advisor to the first African Archbishop in the Anglican Church in Uganda, the Most Rev Erica Sabiti.

That was in turn a development of his earlier work in England, as a Church Army officer with the Church of England Board of Education and then as Director of Lay Training in Bristol. He was edu-

cated at the Church Army College in London, and subsequently studied in the United States, Louvain, and Rome.

During this varied career — he is still only 41 — Mr Waite has also played a representative role in such organizations as the House of Laity of the Church Assembly, which he represented on the Anglican Consultative Council at its first meeting in Nairobi.

He has held an appointment at St George's College, Jerusalem, and was joint founder and director of the Sudan Relief Program.

He is married with four children and lives in Blackheath, London. At the time of his appointment to Lambeth Palace, he was described as an advisor to the Archbishop on international and ecumenical affairs. A colleague from his Bristol days remembers him as "a straightforward lay Anglican, who played everything down the middle."

—*The Times*, London



Thou that hast given so much to me, / Give one thing more, a grateful heart. / Not thankful when it pleaseth me, / As if thy blessings had spare days; / But such a heart, whose pulse may be Thy praise.

—George Herbert (1593-1633)



THE ARCHBISHOP'S LADY



ONE OF the perks of being married to the Archbishop of Canterbury is that Rosalind Runcie now finds herself in great demand as a concert pianist.

To date, her calendar in the Primate's second-floor flat at Lambeth Palace has been crowded. Shortly before Christmas she appeared on the same bill with the Asante Drummers and the Caribbean Combo. The event was staged at St Peter's, Eaton Square, sometimes called the parish church of Buckingham Palace, to celebrate the 10th anniversary of the Bloomsbury Society which organizes multiracial cultural events to promote brotherhood.

A reporter found Mrs R seated at the keyboard of a piano placed in the center aisle for rehearsal. Schubert's *Impromptu in C Minor* drifted over the empty pews although the melody seemed lost in a splatter of wrong notes. She smiled but refused to put on her spectacles while the photographer was present. "I'm too vain," she explained cheerfully, breaking into a beautiful smile.



"With her glasses on, Mrs Runcie's a super pianist," the Society's director, Ian Hall, observed gallantly.

"It's out of tune," she complained. "It should be burned really. Can you play this?" she inquired of the photographer who sat down and launched into some pretty hot boogie-woogie. Instead of saying, "Get thee from the house of God, lowly varlet," she leaned on the piano and said, "Oh great. I love this."

The piano was universally adjudged out of tune and the Archbishop's wife disappeared into the sacristy saying, "I'm going to make passionate love to my piano tuner on the phone. He might come and repair it."

Eventually she returned to the pews. "Don't call me Mrs Runcie in your article," she asked. "Call me Rosalind Runcie. It's a lovely name and not everyone has it." [But almost: three Archbishops ago there was Rosamund Fisher, now Lady Fisher, at Lambeth.]

"At home they call me 'Lindy'" she confided, "but that looks tweek in a newspaper. Only one boyfriend ever called me 'Rosalind.' "

Rosalind Runcie, in slacks and long-sleeved white jersey, said she

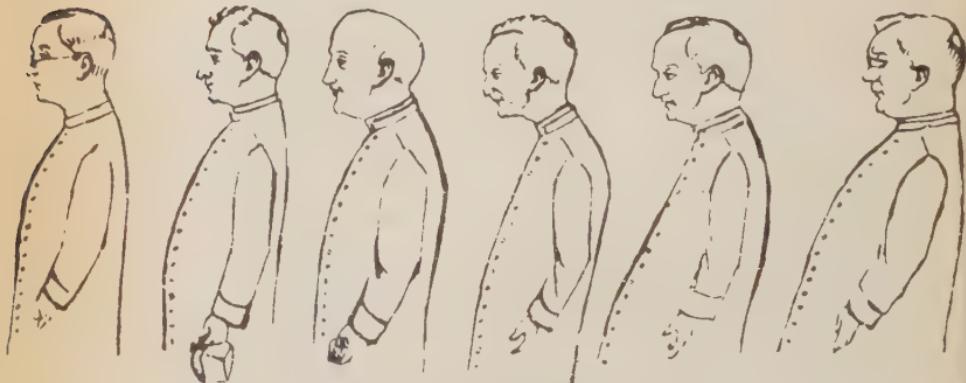
was already sending her piano tuner to Southwark [the Cathedral and Collegiate Church of St Saviour and St Mary Overie] where she's also concertising while going about her usual work of teaching piano at St Albans School.

She remembered a time when she was playing for the restoration of Chichester's Cathedral Church of the Holy Trinity. "There's a man sleeping so soundly he is going to hit his head on the pew," her page turner whispered.

Rosalind Runcie duly stood up and announced two Rachmaninov pieces, adding that "those who wish to continue sleeping will be able to do so during the first piece, but not during the second, as it is rather noisy."

But rehearsal called. She hustled back to the keyboard and burrowed away like a mole, this time with her spectacles on. Schubert arose unhindered. And in the church all was peace and harmony.

—*Sunday Times*, London



ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS

Slouching Towards Bethlehem, the title of a book by Joan Didion, comes to mind in studying the above drawing of six clerical figures, ranging from plump to portly, featured on an order form from the "furnishers to the Holy See" — Annibale Gammarelli, Via S Chiara 34, Rome. Well, as Rock Hudson says of middle-age, "You can only hold in your stomach for so long!" A light pure wool cassock is about \$150, watered silk around \$350, air postage insured approximately \$16; delivery takes about a month after receipt of measurements and advance payment. Prayer for stability of prices and girth may take longer.

Have miter, will travel . . .



GAITERED

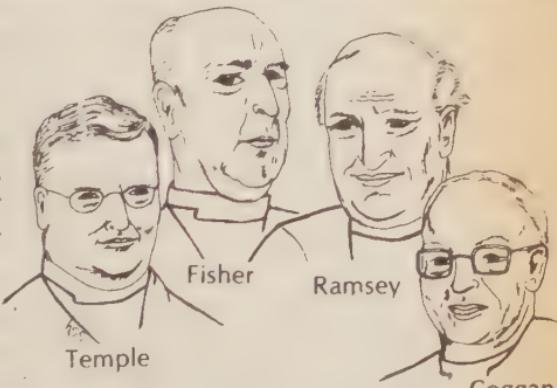
GLOBAL GADABOUTS



ODERN day Archbishops of Canterbury have rarely been stay-at-homes. But not until the turn of the century did they begin coming to the North American continent. In the ensuing eight decades, all seven of the 20th century lords of Lambeth have visited these shores.

It's swift trains and even swifter planes, of course, that have permitted at least 47 visitations to approximately 30 U.S. and Canadian dioceses.

Besides being presented to mayors and governors — the "chain gang," as British royalty reportedly refers to those bearing clanking necklaces of civic office — a preambulating primate is presented with academic degrees innumerable. He thus assembles his own less noisy but more colorful neckpiece — the furs, silks and brocades of academic hoods. The first of the Cantuarians to cross the Atlantic was Randall Thomas Davidson, an Edinburgh-born favorite of Victoria.



Chaplain and secretary to Archbishops Tait and Benson (marrying the former's only daughter), he was simultaneously Dean of Windsor and domestic chaplain to the Queen, then successively Bishop of Rochester and of Winchester, finally arriving at Canterbury in 1903.

Balding, stern and ultra-conservative, Randall Davidson was 56 when he stepped from shipboard to a private railroad car promised him in advance by American financier J. Pierpont Morgan.

The Davidsons steamed off to Montreal, Toronto, Niagara Falls and Mt. Desert Island, Me., where the host was the aging William Doane (I Bishop of Albany, 1869-1913). The same year marked the death of Frederick Huntington (I Bishop of Central New York, 1869-1904) who wrote the

Collect of the Transfiguration on Mt Sergent on the same island the Davidsons visited. At Bar Harbor, Me, they were guests of William Lawrence (VII Bishop of Massachusetts, 1893-1927).

Headed down the eastern seaboard, narrowly avoiding a train accident near Albany, the Davidsons continued on to Manhattan to see a special friend, Susan Knapp, head of the deaconess school patterned after the first such at Rochester near Canterbury.

While on the cathedral close they saw their friend Henry Potter, (VII Bishop of New York, 1887-1908) and also the black educator Booker T Washington with whom they discussed, among other matters, the subject of lynching. Interested in housing for "working people," the Davidsons were taken to see parts of Brooklyn.

In Philadelphia, Davidson addressed the 21-year-old Brotherhood of St Andrew. In Washington, he celebrated at St John's, then crossed Lafayette Square for dinner with another Episcopalian, Theodore Roosevelt. On Mt St Alban, according to his biographer, the Archbishop "gave a salutation at a great service on behalf of Christian unity to a congregation of 35,000 [assembled at] the site of the future cathedral."

Davidson's successor, Cosmo Gordon Lang, visited the U S in

1918 while in his ninth year as Archbishop of York.

"I dislike American fuss and publicity," he said in advance — and never came back although he put in a hard-working tour, making a total of 81 addresses in 16 cities.

The next archiepiscopal visitor was the revered William Temple who had succeeded Lang in 1928 as Archbishop of York and in 1942 followed him to Canterbury.

One of Temple's first addresses was to the Indianapolis Conference of North American and Canadian Students. He also lectured at the University of Chicago and the College of Preachers in Washington.

Twenty-seven years later his widow, Frances, clearly recalled "the cold, cold day William was to speak at Harvard and we were welcomed in Boston by Barbara and Henry Sherrill (VIII Bishop of Massachusetts, 1930-47; Presiding Bishop, 1947-58)."

After Temple's tragically brief years at Canterbury, 1942-44, he was succeeded by the ubiquitous Geoffrey Francis Fisher — the same priest who had followed him as headmaster at Repton and as Bishop of Chester (35th Bishop of Chester, 1932-39; 126th Bishop of London, the only see older than Canterbury).

The first year after World War II, Fisher came to General Convention in Philadelphia where the

founding convention had met in 1785 and to which they had returned 18 times — more than to any other city.

In his own words, Fisher came “to restart the idea of the Anglican Communion.” Well received, he again turned up at General Convention in Boston in 1952: his sermon from the Old North Church was one of the first carried on national television.

The year 1954 brought Fisher to attend the Anglican Congress in Minneapolis and the General Assembly of the World Council of Churches at Evanston, Diocese of Chicago. His final flight as Primate was in 1957 for the Central Committee of the World Council of Churches.

With characteristic good fortune, Michael Ramsey found himself better informed than any of his predecessors. He had penetrated to mid-America as a student debater in 1925, had returned as Bishop of Durham for the 1954 Evanston meeting and, still again, in 1959 to deliver the Hale lecture at Seabury-Western.

Arriving in New York in October, 1962, (the same day Vatican II opened in Rome), the hundredth Archbishop of Canterbury set off in a coast-to-coast tour. Among his stops: the annual House of Bishops convening at Charleston, see city of

the Diocese of South Carolina. He made a morning call on the first Roman Catholic President, just a year before the chief executive’s assassination.

Ramsey was to return a half-dozen more times as Archbishop of Canterbury. Asked by TAD for some particular recollection of those years, he replied that he vividly remembered “an ecumenical service in St Patrick’s Cathedral in New York when the Cardinal, the Orthodox Primate and myself led the Blessing together.”

A similar question posed for the next Archbishop, Donald Coggan (1974-80), brought a reply in his own hand from Kingshead House, Sissinghurst, Cranbrooke, Kent.

“I think it must have been in 1976 that I lectured for Trinity Institute, New York,” he began. “I recall that, on occasion, those who invited me felt that the Archbishop of Canterbury should have maximum security. So, throughout a great church service, there was a huge security man keeping close to me in the sanctuary, fully vested and disguised as a chorister. A forgivable deceit, I think?”

Did they all live happily ever after? Well, the three most recent Cantuaries — Fisher, Ramsey and Coggan — have all made numerous return visits as retired Primates. □



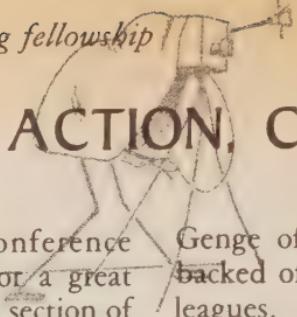
LIGHTS, ACTION, CAMERA!

EVERY Lambeth Conference since 1867 has posed for a great group photograph. It's a section of the most recent that furnishes TAD's current cover to set within the context of their brother bishops the two men who are major subjects in this issue — H B Dehqani-Tafti of Iran in the front row and, as if waiting to be called forward, Robert Runcie, future Archbishop of Canterbury.

The colorful portrait now hangs in episcopal palaces as well as diocesan offices everywhere and can be studied endlessly. Just to the right behind Dehqani stands Moore of New York and Trelease of Rio Grande. Behind Runcie to the right grins Hosea of Lexington.

The day: 27 Jul 1978. The place: the hilltop campus of the University of Kent at Canterbury, specifically the broad lawn in front of the library. "Is that why we're wearing lawn sleeves?" quipped one bishop.

The first to arrive was Carral of Guatemala who wanted to photograph the photographers. He'd hardly set his light meter before a great gaggle of boisterous bishops descended from their dormitories. Guatemala clicked away while



Genge of Central Newfoundland backed off to photograph his colleagues, Seaborn of East Newfoundland and Payne of Western Newfoundland.

A sprinkling of mozzettas — a short crimson cape worn over the rochet — brightened the unusually sunny afternoon. "I feel naked," exclaimed Archbishop Coggan as he scurried by in a business suit on his way to vest.

"Will the Primates come forward please," pleaded the photographer. Quickly they grouped themselves, Baker of Hong Kong and Simms of Armagh crowding in at the far right but proclaiming that such a position had no political implications whatsoever. Finally, Coggan's chaplain checked in, the primatial cross almost obscuring Hambidge of Caledonia.

As the group dispersed, immediately divesting its finery, one bishop asked rather seriously what it is that holds the Church together.

"Humanly speaking," said Sheridan of Northern Indiana, "I think it's Wippells and Almy's." —Excerpted from *Discerning God's Will: The 11th Lambeth Conference*

Elections & Appointments:

Graham Douglas Leonard, 60, Bishop of Willesden (Suffragan to London), 1964-73, who narrowly missed promotion to diocesan and was instead translated as XI Bishop of Truro: to be 127th Bishop of London in apostolic succession to *Gerald Alexander Ellison*, 71, retired to Cerne Abbas, Dorset, Diocese of Salisbury. (Watch TAD for a fuller account of the unprecedented, eleventh-hour lobbying by Anglo-Catholic supporters after which the Prime Minister passed over the choice of the recently formed Crown Appointments Commission — *John Stapylton Habgood*, 53 — also reportedly preferred by Queen Elizabeth and *Archbishop Runcie*, himself the first Primate named under the new appointments scheme.)

Stephen Sebastian Mumba, 42, a member of the Nsenga tribe in eastern Zambia and a linguist and writer: Bishop of Northern Zambia in succession to *Filemon Mataka* who died shortly after retiring last September.

Henry Boyd Huckles III, 57, New York City-born and Virginia-educated Archdeacon of Brooklyn since 1976 and sometime Rector of St George's, Brooklyn: Bishop Suffragan of Long Island.

Howell Haydn Davies, sometime missionary in Kenya and later Provost of Nairobi Cathedral and,



most recently, Vicar of Old Woking, Surrey: Bishop of Karamoja in Uganda to which he says he hopes to bring "a ministry of reconciliation because of tribal tensions and bloodshed in the area."

Dunstan Ainani, 60, Muslim-born but converted to Christianity at the age of 15, who served in the King's African Rifles during World War II, and who was consecrated Bishop Suffragan of Malawi in 1979: Bishop of Southern Malawi, succeeding *Donald Arden*, retired.

Richard Frank Grein, 48, New Mexico-born, Carleton College graduate. Rector of St Michael and All Angels, Mission, Diocese of Kansas: Bishop Coadjutor of that Diocese in succession to *Edward Clark Turner*, 65, who will retire upon his successor's consecration.

Peter Frederick Carnley, 43, sometime Fellow of St John's College, Cambridge, and Warden of St John's College, St Lucia, University of Queensland, since 1972:

Archbishop of Perth, Western Australia, in succession to Geoffrey Sambell, retired.

John Forsythe Ashby, 51, Oklahoma-born and -educated, Rector of St Luke's, Ada, all of whose cures have been held within the Diocese of Oklahoma: VII Bishop of Western Kansas, succeeding William Davidson, 61, who resigned to become Assistant Bishop of Ohio.

¶ Enthronements & Investitures:

Ronald Oliver Bowlby, 55, consecrated Bishop of Newcastle on Tyne in 1973: VII Bishop of Southwark succeeding Arthur Mervyn Stockwood, retired.

Geoffrey John Paul, 59, consecrated Bishop Suffragan of Hull in 1976: VI Bishop of Bradford, succeeding Ross Sydney Hook, transferred to Lambeth.

¶ Retirements & Resignations:

In 1981: *Bill Bendyshe Burnet*, 64, consecrated Bishop of Bloemfontein in 1957, 11 years after being ordained a priest, and Archbishop of Cape Town since 1974.

¶ Deaths:

Arthur Stretton Reeve, 73, 89th Bishop of Lichfield (1953-1974), whose namesake, Robert Stretton, was its 46th, and whose great skill as an administrator was ameliorated by an "eirenic quality [that enabled him] to understand and

sympathize with other people's point of view..." --*Church Times* *Timothy Lang*, sometime Bishop of North China and Shantung, unheard of for nearly a quarter of a century, is reported to have been memorialized in a service held in the hall of the Peking Pa Pao Shan Revolutionary Cemetery; reports via Hong Kong to USPG in London say it was attended by government officials, churchpeople, colleagues and the Bishop's students from Chung Teh Middle School where he was principal for many years; his widow was pleased by a eulogy that did justice to a Christian bishop in Communist China who "until his death was wholeheartedly and selflessly making the biggest effort to do his best."

Wilfrid John Hudson, 77, IV Bishop of Carpentaria (1950-1960) and a prominent member of the Bush Brotherhoods in Australia (Principal, Good Shepherd; head of St Paul's; and, finally, Administrator of the Brotherhoods): in Australia.

¶ Consecrations:

Peter K'wong, 44, first Chinese to hold the position: IX Bishop of Hong Kong in apostolic succession to John Gilbert Hindley Baker, retired.

John Edward Hannen, Rector of Kincolith since 1971: VIII Bishop of Caledonia, Province of British

Columbia, in apostolic succession to Douglas Walter Hambidge.

Honors:

John Ward Armstrong, a diocesan bishop who recently became Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland: Doctor of Divinity, marking the 43rd anniversary of his graduation, from Trinity College, Dublin.

Inspired by his prayer as a Mason

for "my fellow Knights of Columbus" in opening the second annual joint meeting of Masons and Roman Catholic KC's at Sault Ste Marie, Ontario, lodge members voted at once to bestow an honorary knighthood on *William Lockridge Wright*, in recognition of his ecumenical work as VI Bishop of Algoma (1944-75) and, later, as Archbishop and Metropolitan of the Province of Ontario.



TAD calls on the Dehqani-Tafti's

A HOME AWAY FROM HOME



T IS HOME and it isn't home; it is the scene of happy student days and many memories; it is a refuge but most of all, it is a

haven of healing and hope.

The full address of the third-floor flat of Margaret and H B Dehqani-Tafti is Ridley Hall, Cambridge, England, CB 39, HG.

Two years ago this summer theirs was an address far dearer and more familiar because it really was *home*: Bishop's House, Isfahan, Iran, telephone 23557.

The time and the miles that lie between are calculable—but the events of the swiftly passing

months are near to overwhelming.

A visitor calling on the couple seeks out the Victorian structures of Ridley Hall as Cambridge's senior theological college where some 50 men are preparing for the priesthood. The other, Westcott House, was founded two years later in 1881.

The three flights are not easy for a bishop recovering from prostate surgery ("It's the stairs, that's why we don't have a dog") but he settles comfortably into a lumpy chair to explain the meaning of his name. "The English would call it double barreled," he laughs. "Hassan is my Muslim name and means 'good.' Barnaba is a Christian baptismal name. Dehqani is

Persian for 'farmer' and Tafti is the home area: 'Good farmer from Tafti.'

Dehqani has been in England since Archbishop Runcie's enthronement in March, 1980. ("A live dog is better than a dead lion," his brother bishops said, urging him not to return home.) Continuing, however, as president of the Central Synod of the Episcopal Church in Jerusalem and the Middle East, he was in Cyprus when his son was slain in Iran. His English-born wife was permitted then to leave Iran and was reunited with her husband and daughters in London.

Among friends who called were John Robinson, former Bishop of Woolwich, who was teaching at Trinity College, Cambridge, and urged the Dehqanis to settle there. And it was Fr Hugo de Waal, head of Ridley Hall since 1978 (a brother, Victor, is Dean of Canterbury) who offered them quarters in the Principal's Lodge.

"It was simply heaven to be in our own flat and to have a study and a desk to myself after nine months of gypsy life," says the Bishop. "It was especially good to be back after 33 years, actually living in Ridley again, after so many of the links of my life had been shattered. In Iran, the buildings of my youth have long since been transformed — my old school in Isfahan, the part of Tehran Uni-

versity that I attended — all taken over by the militants. But Ridley's the same and Cambridge and 'the backs' — those ancient, beautiful colleges that border the Cam as it wanders through the town."

"For the first few days," the Bishop continues, "I walked like a drunken man, absorbing the intoxicating atmosphere and memories: Henry Martyn, who translated the New Testament into Persian,



سَمَاءُ بَرْدَسْ وَرَحْمَةُ الرَّحْمَنِ

The Persian Cross with "In the Name of God the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit" written below.

went to St John's College; Dr Donald Carr, who built the Isfahan Hospital, went to Trinity, as did my father-in-law, William Jameson Thompson [BA, 1907; MA, 1924], who ordained me and was my predecessor as Bishop."

Surprisingly, the Dehqanis offer tea because Iranians, like Chinese, drink it in preference to the coffee of the rest of the Near East through the common experience of an immensely long history. (Interestingly, the house in Isfahan was

near the end of the ancient Silk Road from China.)

The small flat, echoing to the melodic bells of Evensong sounding across the Cambridge rooftops, is decorated with a few of the Bishop's watercolors of Iranian landscape (a principal solace after his son's murder) and photographs of their children.

Shirin, 27, a graduate of the University of Texas at Austin who was not allowed to fly to England found instead that she could purchase passage to a maternal aunt's in New Zealand and will go from there to the U.S.

Guli, 14, has been on scholarship at her mother's old school, Clarendon, nearby.

Suzanne, 20, lives not far away in Rochdale, Diocese of Manchester, where her marriage was solemnized by her father. It was to attend Suzanne's wedding that Bahram Dehqani-Tafti was seeking to reclaim his passport when he was shot to death 6 May 1980.

"They shot him because of me," the Bishop says simply. "I had refused to turn over the diocesan trust. I was the head of a church attended by Americans and British — sometimes half the congregation: 'A nest of spies.' The former ambassador's wife, (Mrs Richard Helms, whose husband was head of the CIA, 1966-73) had served with me on the board of the school where Bahram taught. He

was, in fact, on his way home from the school when he was shot."

It is, of course, the death of Bahram, 27, a pleasant looking, young man with long hair, that overshadows the Dehqanis' days.

A graduate of Jesus College, Oxford, and an MA in economics from George Washington University, he had insisted on teaching in Iran. "They killed him because of me," the Bishop repeats quietly.

The mantle-piece photographs are of the son and three daughters, all baptized and all confirmed by their father except for Guli. She decided a few weeks ago not to go along with her class at school but to wait for her father to return home from hospital to confirm her.

Dehqani talked confidentially with TAD as did priests associated with the U.S. Commissary for Iran (it has never had a companion diocese) but future travels are largely unpublicized to safeguard his life.

"As for the book, the truth had to be told," his wife wrote TAD. "My husband is an exceptional man of God and was given the necessary strength to tell his story (and) one day when circumstances change for the better we hope to go home."

—JBST



PRISONERS AND PRIMATES



S NEVER before in Washington Cathedral's eventful history, hearts everywhere have swelled this year at the solemn pageantry and crashing organ music that has marked the first half of 1981: thanksgiving for a new presidency, psalms of hope for the hostages, homilies for Gen. Omar Bradley's long life (see BURIALS), and always the majestic Easter Eucharists.

Then, on a golden Sunday at the end of April, the Archbishop of Canterbury preached in the morning while at Evensong the primates of the Anglican Communion gathered around him in a colorful semicircle beneath the soaring Gloria in Excelsis tower. (For reports of their first meeting ever held outside England, see TAD's next issue.)

Although the last decade has been a wildly troubled one for the Church as much as for the world

— with Washington Cathedral at the center of much of it — the splendid structure that has been rising on Mt St Alban since 1907 takes on increasing serenity as it nears completion. Gorgeous from the air, visible from many points of the capital, the edifice is almost finished.

Undergirding the building program, constant fund raising has gone from stumbling to surging stages. It accomplished the enclosure of the nave (the huge western wall) in time for the Bicentennial.

Even though the Cathedral has been long abuilding (by American standards), it retains a clean, glistening newness. Its interior of imported marble floors and American limestone walls is immaculately kept, its gardens and grounds as elegant as any in L'Enfant's grandly planned city. What seems like miles of needlepoint and mountains of cascading flowers testifies to the presence of love.

(Continued page 27)

Photo opposite: A wrought-iron holder for yellow flowers celebrating hostages' freedom stands firmly on Italian marble floor backed by an Indiana limestone lectern that memorializes the VI Bishop of Pennsylvania. — *Centerfold* overleaf shows more festive flowers attached to finely carved oak choir screen that separates chancel from nave. Beyond is the high altar with its central figure of Christ in Majesty. Above it can be glimpsed the beautiful blues of glass continuing the same theme of Christ's reign flanked by commemorations of Crucifixion and Resurrection. The Bethlehem cross is the Cathedral's symbol.









(Continued from page 22)

It is little wonder, then, that the Cathedral draws half a million visitors annually. Yet they do not decrease its reverence; the Sacrament is reserved near the high altar; a day rarely passes without the vigil stand of candles coming ablaze as prayer after prayer is said in the Holy Spirit Chapel; and in the incredibly quiet and beautiful Bethlehem Chapel, deep in the crypt, the Holy Sacrifice is offered daily at 7:30 a.m.

Fire laws prohibit a congregation of more than 3,000; however, the current year has seen some of the largest crowds in memory.

It was a coincidence that two couples much in the headlines were present for the hostages's service and were also in the crowds that came to lay eyes on the new man from Canterbury. One was U S Vice President George Bush and his wife who occupy the official residence a few blocks from the Cathedral. The other was the junior Morehead Kennedys.

It was Kennedy, former economics official in Iran, who chose to read the lesson on St Peter's imprisonment. (Kennedy also participated in the six-weeks series, "Hear the Hostages," sponsored

by New York's Cathedral Church of St John the Divine.) He stood at a lectern ringed with stone figures of seven symbolic personages — Moses, the law; David, poets; Elijah, the prophets; Luke, the Gospels; SS Peter and Paul, the Epistles; and St John the Divine, the Book of Revelation.

On the other side of the Cathedral's spacious crossing, a fellow hostage, Col Thomas Schaefer, spoke from the massive Canterbury pulpit, so named because its stones were taken from Canterbury's Bell Harry Tower during a restoration. (A more recent repointing can be noted on TAD's Eastertide cover.)

Through splendor and sorrow, solemnity and celebration, some of the nation's most honored dead are at rest here — Woodrow Wilson, Helen Keller, Adm George Dewey, and four of the six Bishops of Washington — as well as Thomas John Claggett, first Episcopal bishop consecrated in the U S.

The Cathedral has had a lion's share of royal attention. Queen Elizabeth came on a second visit on 8 Jul 1976. On 1 May, Prince Charles read the Second Lesson (II Corinthians 4:1-6, St John

(Concluded page 36)

Photo opposite: The Holy Spirit Chapel beyond the north transept aisle is traditionally a place of quiet prayer in a sprawling structure where other services and sight-seeing tours may be going on simultaneously. The oak-panelled reredos features N C Wyeth's triptych of angels praising Christ. In the small sections below the three panels are doves symbolizing Confirmation's gifts of the Holy Spirit. (Photos courtesy Washington Cathedral)



POTPOURRI



GOOD IDEAS

□ St Mark's Pro-Cathedral, Hastings, Diocese of Nebraska, serves up "sermons a la carte" for Lent, sending out inviting menus that list a half dozen clergy of the area who have agreed to speak at Tuesday luncheons during Lent. Printing and distribution of the menus is financed by ten business firms succinctly listed on the back cover.

□ St Paul's, Kankakee, Diocese of Chicago, is the only parish we know that publishes a directory of its high school youth—and recent alumni with their college or armed forces designation! Entitled "L'Homme's Kids," honoring the rector, Fr Robert L'Homme, it carries 59 addresses representing 44 families and is distributed as a supplement to the regular parish directory.

□ St John's Church, Harrison, Diocese of Arkansas, marked the Sunday nearest March 3, Commemoration of John and Charles Wesley, by inviting a retired Methodist missionary to fill the pulpit.

□ Canon Ronald McFadden of the Cathedral Church of SS Peter and Wilfrid, Diocese of Ripon, has

great hopes for this year's tourist season. He bases them on the amazing success of a sensitive and very human scheme he master-minded last summer, when a rota of clergy from the diocese—parish priests and a few retired men—took turns to walk about the Cathedral looking approachable. Apparently people really did talk to them. As Canon McFadden says, many of the visitors would never set eyes on a clergyman in the usual way, and they would never dream of knocking on a vicarage door with worries or uncertainties. Yet in that anonymous setting, something about his band of volunteers attracted and reassured them. One priest was busy all day with three extensive problems which were poured into his waiting ear. [Grace Cathedral Church, San Francisco, Diocese of California, has instituted the same program—and with the same good results.]
—*Church Times* (London)

CONDENSED VERSION

□ Imagine the amusement of the Sisters of St Mary in Racine, Diocese of Milwaukee, when they received a letter from *Reader's Digest* asking for a copy of their

Community history, *Ten Decades of Praise*. The editor requested *Seven Decades of Praise*, thus proving to the Sisters what efficient condensers can do even before they read a book! —A letter from a postulant

MOUTHFUL

□ There's a parish in the Diocese of Worcester known as Upton Snodsbury with Broughton Hackett and North Beauchamp and Grafton Flyford with North Piddle and Flyford Favell. The question is: What does the Vicar say when he answers the 'phone?

MAKES THE HEART GLAD

□ To read in *The Kansas Churchman* that Mrs Patti Knupp who contracted polio 25 years ago and has been confined to her home ever since, where "she has carried out a ministry of courageous example as well as artistic creativity through her paintings, greeting card design and her instruction of art students," was able recently to attend the baptism of a grandson in her parish church thanks to a wheelchair and portable respirator. In addition to participating in the baptismal service, she attended the Eucharist and took part in the reception for the newly baptized.

□ Some bishops have asked to have TAD sent to every priest in their pastoral care who asked us to send it to vestry members who

asked us to send it to fellow parishioners who asked us to send it to family and friends in other places. Result: a circulation that courses through the U S mails like blood through the veins of the faithful.

NO KIDDING

□ Fidelity Monument Works of Sunnyvale, Calif, has a solar-powered talking gravestone that will deliver your epitaph in your own voice. The tape recorder goes on when a visitor stops by to pay his respects, and will play messages up to two hours long. At the moment, the price is a little stiff [no pun intended] —it ranges from \$5,000 to \$15,000—but a company spokesman expects it to drop to around \$1,000 with mass production. The tombstone does not need direct sunlight to work, so you can communicate from beyond the grave even if you're buried 'neath the willow tree.

—Moneysworth

□ A 30-foot-square chessboard with movable pieces will be installed on an exterior wall [on Manhattan's East 48th Street].... The chesspieces, two-foot flat disks, will be held by aluminum tubing that will outline the square. A new move weekly, in an actual game, will be made by a man wearing a Tudor costume and sitting in a chair that rides over the wall on beams and pulleys.

THE COMPUTER COMFORTETH

hss

(Responding to TAD's invitation to answer the recent article, "Comfort Ye With Computers," the Church Deployment Office in New York has sent its reply with a note saying that "many of the strictures are justified, but rather than reply in detail, it seems best simply to set forth the faith in which the CDO was first conceived and now operates." Herewith the CDO article.)

THE CHURCH Deployment Office can be said to be based on the faith expressed in I Peter 4:10, "Everyone of you has a gift. Use it in ministry to one another as good stewards of the manifold grace of God." In other words, good deployment is good stewardship.

That faith, which has been the Church's possession from the beginning, has been exercised in many ways across the centuries. Each faithful priest, it may be presumed, has done what he could do in his time to use his gift of ministry in the best possible way. Likewise, those in the Church who knew him, his fellow clergy, the Bishop, his Seminary Dean, have also been as faithful as they knew how in recommending to others the ministry of each individual they knew. This very personal system of deployment was and is a faithful system for stewardship of God's gifts.

By the year 1970, however, it had become evident to many in the Episcopal Church that that kind of stewardship, however faithful,

could no longer bear the complex responsibility of knowing how best to use the gifts God provides His Church through the ministry of clergy and people. The most godly of bishops, the most unselfish of priests, and the most faithful of laity too often found themselves up against a wall of human ignorance and fallibility. Good stewardship of God's manifold grace was not any longer possible unless something were done to break through this wall.

Could modern technology have an answer? Specifically, could the computer, that new and brightest jewel of the secular world, be lent by that world to help the Church on her journey, as the jewels of ancient Egypt were borrowed by our forebears to help them on their way to the Promised Land?

If God does indeed divide His gifts severally as He wills, could each person not be asked to name the gifts he had received — preaching, healing, helping, administration — as it may be, and

such information be stored in one place for the benefit of the entire Church?

Or again, if each parish on its journey of faith finds that from time to time it needs a different kind of ministry (as that infant parish in Corinth discovered so long ago, needing first someone to "plant" and later someone to "water"), could not the parish leaders of today be asked to say what they believed their needs were?

And could not these two statements of faith be brought together in such a way as to bring about a meeting between those who have the gifts and those who need the gifts?

In 1970, the Episcopal Church answered those questions with a resounding "Yes, Amen" and so the Church Deployment Office came to birth in the faith that where faithful clergy and faithful laity can hear each other, God's purpose can be served and served well.

We believe that this faith has been justified. More than 8,000 clergy have recorded with CDO the

ministry they believe God is asking them to share with the Church. In the same way thousands of parishes have asked for and received the records of clergy who have the gifts they need.

Does the new system work? Yes, far beyond our fondest hopes, especially where it is carried through in the proper spirit and good faith.

Does it work perfectly? Of course not. Priests, bishops, administrators, vestrymen and parishioners are not always faithful. They sometimes do not even have the time to do what they know they should do and we all make honest mistakes.

But the very existence of the Church Deployment Office says clearly to those who will hear that the Episcopal Church *intends* to be a faithful steward of God's gifts. It is a summons to all her members to respond in like faith, and it is our experience that most of them do so respond. —Fr Roddey Reid, Executive Director, Clergy Deployment Office, The Episcopal Church

GAITERS

Re our story, "Gaitered Global Gadabouts" (see page 13), gaiters were designed for travel — to keep episcopal legs covered less cumbrosomely than with a cassock. (Similarly, a clergy shirt and collar is simply an abbreviated cassock.) Gaiters persisted in England until the mid 1960s, inspiring in fact a BBC program that kidded the clergy, "All Gas and Gaiters." Surprisingly, Archbishop Runcie turned up in gaiters at the receptions tendered him in Washington and New York.



BURIALS

† Donald Wills Douglas, 88, Brooklyn-born and MIT-educated, who brought mass airline travel to the world with his prewar DC-3 (the military version, the C-47, was the air-borne work horse of WWII), whose company produced more pounds of military aircraft during WWII and the decade following than any other company and whose diversified interests included developing electronic equipment for taking a whale's pulse in support of Dr Paul Dudley White's research; from All Saints', Beverly Hills, Diocese of Los Angeles.

† Sir Maurice Oldfield, GCMG, OBE, 65, Derbyshire farmer's son who became head of British Intelligence, along the way developing a fondness for actor Alec Guinness and *The Spy Who Came In From The Cold* (author John Le Carre denies Sir Maurice was the model); on retiring to All Souls, Oxford, as a visiting Fellow he began research into the papers of his predecessors in cope-and-dagger skullduggery but it gave way to his greater interest in the lives of medieval clergy; from St Matthew's, Westminster, Diocese of London.

† Amory Houghton, 81, graduate of St Paul's and Harvard, who succeeded his great grandfather as chairman of the 130-year-old Corning Glass Works (a believer in basic research, he maintained profits even during the depression of the 30s); chief mission officer for Lend-Lease, 1943-44; national president of Boy Scouts of America, 1946-51; Ambassador to France, 1957-61; from Manhattan's Heavenly Rest of which a son, Alanson, has been rector since 1975.

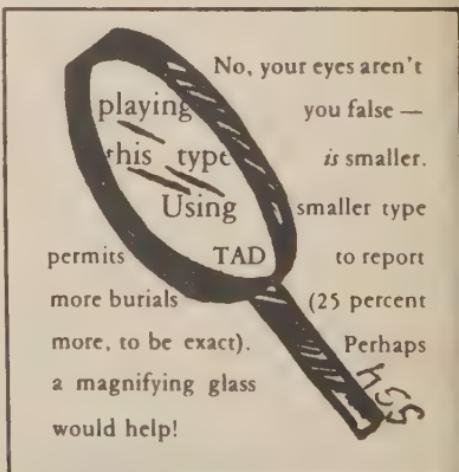
† Willard King, 87, an attorney who, following in Carl Sandburg's steps, became a Lincoln biographer and, going a step further, also became the biographer of

Associate Justice David Davis, a Lincoln appointee and executor of Lincoln's estate; while working on the Davis book, King uncovered letters showing that Lincoln's love affair with Ann Rutledge may have been a myth and that, in fact, Ann Rutledge may never have existed; from St Chrysostom's, North Dearborn Pkwy, Diocese of Chicago.

† George Arthur Loveday, 71, national Stock Exchange chairman who successfully shepherded the amalgamation of exchanges throughout the UK and Ireland during a turbulent period of the early 70s, marked by collapse of the market and a Labor Party attack, finally achieving a centralized trading post that is more widely open to users; from St Bartholomew's, Wootton Bassett, Wiltshire, Diocese of Salisbury.

† LtGen Sir William Oliver, GBE, KCB, KCMG, 70, pre-war Sandhurst trained, post-war Imperial Defense College graduate, British High Commissioner in Australia, 1959-65, later UK Commissioner General for Montreal Expo; from All Saints, Crowborough, Diocese of Chichester.

† John Harris Mathis, 72, Oklahoma-born law school graduate who served successively as an FBI agent, supervising attorney for the



Securities and Exchange Commission, Naval Reserve officer, and in post-war years as a chief executive in the cement industry.

and after retirement as chief of the United Student Aid Funds; from Christ's Church, Rye, Diocese of New York.

† **Omar Nelson Bradley**, 88, Missouri native (his grandfathers fought on opposing sides of the War Between the States) whose training at West Point and subsequent years as an infantryman prepared him superbly



for heading up both the Tunisian and Sicilian campaigns of 1943, the First Army in the Normandy campaign, director of operations in France, Belgium,

Holland, Luxembourg, and Germany, post-war Army Chief of Staff and later US Joint Chief of Staff, a post he held simultaneously as commanding officer of NATO; just as his concern for the troops made him the obvious choice for Administrator of Veteran Affairs so his precision-laid battle plans marked him for another occupation concerned with precision — Bulova Watches — of which he was chairman for 15 years; his final public appearance was last January when as a five-star general in a wheelchair he smartly saluted his newest Commander in Chief, President Reagan; with full military honors from the Cathedral Church of SS Peter and Paul, Mt St Alban, Diocese of Washington.

† **Charles Munn**, 95, Chicago-born, Harvard-educated business executive and sportsman who on emerging from service as a World War I Navy officer (he received the Silver Star and French Legion of Honor), introduced greyhound racing to Britain and the automatic totalisator to American horse racing (he later became chairman of its manufacturing company); entertaining at their family estate, Amado, his wife was an internationally known hostess and a daughter became Countess of Besseborough; from Bethesda-by-the-Sea, Palm Beach, Diocese of Southeast Florida.

† **Harry Smith**, 58, Staffordshire-born engineer who survived the torpedoing of three Royal Navy ships aboard which he

served, emigrated to Canada and became a veteran choir singer and prominent lay reader; from St Luke's, Magog, Diocese of Quebec.

† **Frederick Owen Jr**, 57, Maine-born, Stetson-educated executive whose health forced early retirement from Burlington Industries and who devoted his remaining years to vigorous work for the Florida Department of Corrections (a favorite project: scholarships for youthful offenders), and who also was a trustee of Florida State University and chairman of the National Democratic Convention's Registration Committee; from St Luke's, East Hampton, Diocese of Long Island.

† **Dr Donald Tressler**, 86, Cincinnati-born scientist who graduated from Michigan and Cornell and who pioneered in frozen foods for Birdseye in 1930 and went on to develop home freezers for General Electric in 1942 and who in the decade or so in between perfected sherry from Concord grapes by forcing fine bubbles of air into the warm wine; from Holy Trinity, Westport, Diocese of Connecticut.

† **Edward Holland-Martin**, whose life centered on his family's 250-year-old ancestral home in the village of Overbury, Worcestershire, where he bred horses for Cheltenham races for English steeple-chasing at its best, an enthusiasm undiminished by 30 years' immobility after a hunting accident, and who was the first full-time Director of the Bank of England; from St James', Piccadilly, Diocese of London.

† **Samuel Barber**, 70, Pennsylvania-born composer who was working on scores by the time he was 7 and won the first Pulitzer Prize for Music while still in his 20s (mainly for the enduringly popular *Adagio for Strings*) and whose later operas and ballets were widely acclaimed (especially at the Spoleto Festival) in a career marred only by an ill-received *Anthony and Cleopatra* that inaugurated



the opening of the new Metropolitan Opera House; from St Bartholemew's, Manhattan, Diocese of New York.

† Alexander Vietor, 67, a St Paul's and Yale graduate who returned to New Haven a few years later to pore over maps for the wartime OSS (Office of Strategic Services) and who remained for more than three decades as curator of the Sterling Library Map Collection (it includes the 1489 Martellus map of the world and one of the two 1526 Magellan globes) and whose internationally recognized scholarship in marine Americana led him as early as 1939 to become a life trustee of the Seaman's Church Institute; from St James', Manhattan, Diocese of New York.

† Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fraser of North Cape, GCB, KBE, 93, born Bruce Austin Fraser, high ranking bachelor officer who put the Royal Navy on its financial sea-legs immediately prior to World War II (he later integrated its services with U S forces in the Pacific) and who in the post-war years succeeded Winston Churchill as Britain's First Sea Lord; from St Barbara's Church aboard *HMS Excellent* anchored at Whale Island, Diocese of Portsmouth.

† Virginia Travell Weeks, MD, 80, Wellesley and Cornell-educated pediatrician who was a top-ten finalist in international badminton and for over 30 years was active in Brooklyn's medical, educational, botanical and civic circles, and who counted six other doctors among her immediate kin—two daughters, two sons, a brother and a sister (Janet Travell, MD, osteopathic specialist who treated President Kennedy); from Grace Church, Amherst, Diocese of Western Massachusetts.

† MajGen Lewis Pugh, CB, CBE, DSO, 73, who received his Royal Artillery commission in 1927 and in the next 34 years served in every area of British military operations in the world, including the shipboard abduction of an enemy agent and the subse-

quent sinking of that ship and three others—a personally planned and executed escapade not revealed until publication three decades later of the book, *Boarding Party*; from the Cathedral Church of the Blessed Virgin Mary and St Ethelbert, Diocese of Hereford.

† Dr Marjorie Hope Nicholson, 87, Yonkers-born authority on the relationship of poetry and science, who taught in high schools in Saginaw and Detroit as well as at Johns Hopkins, Goucher, Minnesota, and Columbia and whose 11-year period as dean of Smith College (1929-1940) was crowned with her election as the first woman president of Phi Beta Kappa; from St Paul's Chapel on Columbia's Manhattan campus, Diocese of New York.

† Juan Terry Trippe, 81, who hailed from a New Jersey fishing town and interrupted his Yale education to become a Navy pilot and then, restless in the family business of selling bonds, threw himself into a service of sightseeing and chartered planes that shortly snagged the first contract for carrying airmail and, backed with Vanderbilt money, eventually winning the initial international airmail contract and who with Charles Lindbergh then explored commercial flights abroad, a blue-sky dream that became known as the far-flung Pan American World Airways; from St James', Manhattan, Diocese of New York.

† Lord Rhyd, PC, OBE, 74, born Nigel Birch as a general's son, who went from Eton to London finances and, having made a personal fortune by age 32, entered the war (he served on the British General Staff) and thereafter was in Parliament for 25 years except for terms as Secretary of State for Air, 1955-57, and Economic Secretary to the Treasurer, 1957-58, service that won him a life peerage in 1970; from St Margaret's, Westminster, Diocese of London.



A CORPS of volunteers is replying to as many as 30 letters a day offering opinion and background to the Dean of St Paul's on the royal wedding in Sir Christopher Wren's 17th century masterpiece. Many others are also having their say—

On ceremonial: "The Archbishop's faceless advisers, the liturgical gnomes of Lambeth, have taken the broad hint that to go to St Paul's is the only way to guarantee that *he* chooses the service," declares *News of Liturgy* from St John's College, Nottingham, intimating the Primate may opt for the new *Alternative Service Book*.

On accommodations: Although 10,000 gave corporate thanks at the war's end in 1945, modern security permits only 2,500 at Christmas but 3,000 may be admitted if, as one canon put it, "love finds a way." Dominating the London scene centuries before skyscrapers and contributing to the magnificence of any occasion, the gray stone structure (recently sandblasted in part to its original honey color) is 515 feet long and 254 feet wide with a dome rising 365 feet.

On precedences: Princess Ann had the 1928 preface with 1662 vows. The only other wedding at St Paul's high altar in the last 25 years

was that of a daughter of Robert Wright Stopford, Bishop of London, 1961-1973. The few other nuptials St Paul's sees are usually for those holding the coveted decoration, Member of the British Empire and are in the OBE Chapel. Flowers may be done by a professional florist, greenhouse-men from Windsor Castle, or St Paul's own Worshipful Company of Gardeners—or all three.

On media coverage: "The TV stands seem to melt into the pillars, somehow," marvels the registrar, Cdr Charles Shears. "Commentators are housed behind glass just above the great west doors. We put up a battery of hutches for them there, though perhaps that's not the best phrase to describe the accommodations."

On cost: It's hoped expenses will be covered by Buckingham Palace since the last year has seen a 100,000-pound deficit in operating costs. While never a penny is asked at the door ("We really do want the cathedral to be free."), contributions are asked for touring the crypt and soon will be added for the ambulatory. It's all to defray upkeep for a million annual visitors—a number expected to be swelled by those already overheard

exclaiming, "so *this* is where it's going to be."

On history: The last Prince of Wales to be married at St Paul's (in the cathedral later destroyed in 1666's Great Fire) was Henry VII's son, Arthur, in 1501. The most recent wedding of a Prince of Wales was the future Edward VII's marriage in St George's Chapel, Windsor, in 1863. As for Westminster, there was a long gap between Richard II's mass in 1382 and the year 1919 when one of Victoria's granddaughters --Princess Patricia of Connaught-- swept down the aisle. The Abbey was, of

* * *

course, the scene of Elizabeth II's service in 1947 followed by her coronation in '53.

In recent years St Paul's has come into its own for the Queen's jubilee and the Queen Mother's 80th birthday. The new *Church of England Year Book* notes of the Abbey that "in it also takes place from time to time royal weddings." True enough, but the situation of the midsummer of 1981 is summed up by *The Church Times* in a succinct front-page headline, "JOY AT ST PAUL'S, SADNESS AT ABBEY." —Taddled from several sources.

* * *

Washington Cathedral . . .

(Continued from page 27)

14:6-14) for the Evensong which closed the Primates' meeting.

As it nears the 88th anniversary of its Congressional charter, the Cathedral in a very real way is fulfilling the desire of plans dating back to George Washington's day for "a great church for national purpose."

The profound distrust of any link between Church and State caused the noble idea to languish but, like a determined oak, grow it did. Henry Yates Satterlee (I Bishop of Washington, 1896-1908) haggled with real estate people to assemble its 57 acres. Crowning the city's highest point, the site was

called Alban's Hill and still, in fact, accommodates a parish church dedicated to St Alban.

Bishop Satterlee well earned the honor of laying the cornerstone, choosing the Feast of St Michael and All Angels, seven years after the turn of the century. A rock from a field near Bethlehem was used; Theodore Roosevelt was the robust speaker.

"Manpower, horsepower and muscle dug the huge foundations," its *Cathedral Age* recently noted.

So it has grown, in war and peace, transcending national pride to become one of Christendom's great houses of prayer. □

SAINTLY SEXUALITY



AM AMUSED by people who say to me, "I don't understand my wife." One is not supposed to understand a wife, one is supposed to love her. I am called to spend eternity in the intimate companionship of an inscrutable Lover whom I shall never comprehend. Like God, my wife is always surprising me. She was not given to me in order to satisfy my love but to whet my appetite. I practice loving with her and so become a lover, and thereby in some small way fitted for the company of Him whose Name and Nature is Love.

Halfway between the reality of marriage and the reality of heaven here is an intermediate thing, the parish church. All my relationships have enjoyed with my wife (and, I might add, with my father, my brothers, my sons and daughters) are gradually extended to include and apply to my brothers and sisters in Christ. The women in the altar guild who sew buttons on my assock are my mothers. When they come to me in trouble and seek my guidance and counsel they are my daughters. When we sit at coffee after Mass and chat they are

my sisters. And I can honestly say that in truth they are my sweethearts, for I love them tenderly. . . . Our sex is not something we can repress and ignore without doing damage to our humanity. This aspect of sexuality is, and is supposed to be, rich and rewarding. The effort to repress it leads to all kinds of distortions, both doctrinal and personal.

This provides a clue for dealing with celibates, the [sometimes] involuntary singles, and the widowed. Not everyone has a vocation to marriage. Much of the modern trouble with sex stems from the unconscious assumption that every man has the right to sexual experience. In fact, no one does. I may have some undeveloped musical talent. I do not know. I have never attempted it. I do have some modest amount of artistic talent, and years ago enjoyed the hobby of oil painting. I haven't painted in 20 years. I haven't time. Similarly, just because one has sexuality is no indication that God intends him to make use of it. . . .

When the one-to-one relationship becomes exclusive, it becomes destructive. An example of this can be seen in Vanuaken's book, *A Severe Mercy*. . . . Love is supposed

to expand and reach out to include even more "others." It should overflow into the parish, from that into the community, and finally to all mankind. The love of the individual is not diminished by being shared, but is rather enriched and enlarged, just as the coming of a child into a marriage gives the husband and wife additional reasons for appreciating and enjoying one another. The added dimension to the reality of their love is acknowledged when they start calling each other "Father" and "Mother" instead of "sweetheart." It is not that they have ceased to be sweethearts; in addition to that they have become parents. . . . Surely we can see

sexuality as something which points beyond itself to a fuller and more perfect expression in the relationship of men and women to one another in Christ, and beyond that, as the saints testify, to the most perfect expression of all in the ravishment of the soul by God in mystical rapture. If a momentary passing mystical ecstasy can be called by St Teresa the mystical marriage, what must it be like to be united, in the depths of our being, to God in heaven in the marriage feast of the Lamb?

"For the kingdom of Heaven is like a man who gave a wedding feast for his Son." —Fr Homer Rogers (1918-80), Diocese of Dallas



23RD PSALM FOR BUSY PEOPLE

The Lord is my pacesetter, I shall not rush,/He makes me stop and rest for quiet intervals,/He provides me with images of stillness which restore my serenity,/He leads me in ways of efficiency, through calmness of mind, and His guidance is peace./Even though I have a great many things to accomplish this day, I will not fret, for His presence is here, His timelessness,/His all-importance will keep me in balance —/He prepares refreshment and renewal in the midst of my activity by anointing my mind with the oils of tranquility./My cup of joyous energy overflows./Surely harmony and effectiveness shall be the fruits of my hours, for I shall walk in the pace of my Lord, and dwell in His house forever.—Toki Miyashina, in *Grace Notes*, Grace Cathedral Church, San Francisco, Diocese of California

BY WILL AND DEED

★ TO DIOCESE OF SOUTHEAST FLORIDA, \$30,000 from a Baptist banker, I T Parker, for 68 years a resident of Dania, Fla, in memory of his wife, Lily Todd Parker, a communicant of St John's, Hollywood, who died in a traffic accident in 1923 and who was also memorialized by her husband in a monetary gift to St John's in 1978.

★ TO ALL SAINTS, Walsoken, Diocese of Ely, 4/21st of a net estate of more than 772,000 pounds left by Claude Coates of Wisbech, Cambridgeshire; an additional 1/21st each went to three other parishes and 2/21st to the Ely Diocesan Council for Social Aid.

★ TO ST MARY'S SCHOOL FOR INDIAN GIRLS, Springfield, Diocese of South Dakota, \$5,000 from the late Maude Mease, 88, who visited the school in 1964 and was a member of the Los Altos, Calif, chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, long-time benefactor of St Mary's.

★ TO ST JAMES', Ausable Forks, Diocese of Albany, the contents of the home of Lou Shephard, retired teacher and telephone operator and a communicant of 32 years, sold for the parish's benefit when Mrs Shephard entered Sacred Heart Nursing Home at nearby

Plattsburgh. A Eucharist at the nursing home recently marked her hundredth birthday.

★ TO THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH, \$315,293 representing the life interest left in 1948 by the head of the Chattanooga Medicine Company, Z Carter Patten, to his wife, Dorothy, who died in 1975; a similar bequest of \$100,000 was received from one of the estate trusts of Louis and Charlotte Niven Alston. No record exists of the Alstons ever visiting the Sewanee campus; they were also donors of the organ at New York's Church of the Resurrection. The monies are part of 18 bequests Sewanee received in 1980 for a total of \$898,908.

★ TO ST JUDE'S RANCH FOR CHILDREN, Boulder City, Diocese of Nevada, \$5,000 from the estate of Lucille Etcheberry of Reno; also bequests from Renee Molnar and Ed Hoppe of Las Vegas; Hazel Jenner, Wichita, Kansas; and the Rt Rev Wallace Conkling, VII Bishop of Chicago

★ TO ST BARNABAS NURSING HOME, Worthing, and five other groups, the residue of an estate of 171,469 pounds from the estate of Ida Mary Parsons of Storrington, West Sussex, Diocese of Chichester.

The risen Christ turns man's life into a continual festival. —St Athansius

ACCORDING TO —

- A former rector to his parish, with apologies to W H Auden's *Funeral Blues*, 1940: You were my North, my South, my East, my West;/My working week and my Sunday feast,/My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song./I thought our love would last forever/I was wrong.
- d'Arcy Ussher of Johannesburg, recalling Br Norwood, CR: When I picked mushrooms on a golf course on a Saturday I used to take them to him to certify as safe; and give him half. Next morning after church he would come to breakfast and eat part of the other half!
- Mother Mary Clare, for more than 20 years superior of the Anglican enclosed order, Sisters of the Love of God: Prayer is an adventure at the end of which we stand face to face before the living God; not in a vague way in a place we call heaven, but in the here and now of our lives . . .
- Novelist Graham Greene, on being thought of as an apostle of the Church: I had no apostolic mission and the cries for spiritual assistance maddened me because of my impotence. What was the Church for but to aid those sufferers? What was the priesthood

for? I was like a man without medical knowledge in a village struck with plague.

• A Connecticut man on sending a contribution to TAD: I'm certain it was quoting someone else but I distinctly heard this money say, "Here am I, send me!" More than once my wife has threatened to sue you folks for alienation of affections!

• Jaroslav Pelikan, Yale's Stirling Professor of History, interviewed by *The New Yorker*: Christianity is as incapable of logical definition as the taste of cheddar cheese or the music in the closing scene of *Don Giovanni* . . . [but] how would I describe Christianity today? That the particular in the person of Jesus Christ is the universal — that what stands at the center of His message is at the center of the universe. The only way to the universal is through the particular, and you can't stop at the particular, because you know it to be the way of access to the universal.

• A second-grader in Visalia, Diocese of San Joaquin (California) after studying the Ten Commandments: If we were



voting for the best God, I would vote for you and Jesus. Another wrote: Does everybody in Heaven like me? I like them.

- The Bishop of Arkansas: Not having an every-member canvass is like Jesus sending a postcard to His disciples.
- An unsigned poem found at Paradise Point, summer camp of the Diocese of Idaho: A work day at Paradise Point. / Quite a bit of pain. / Cool mists kiss my cheeks and shroud the mountains / Wood smoke penetrates my senses; / Rays of sun dance on the waters and set the trees afire. / The breeze gives life to the undergrowth / And stirs the hair hanging on my forehead. / Children's voices rattle my fond memories / And also remind me of the now. / The mushroom, the pine needle, the droplet of rain; / All contribute to the "Ah" moment which I feel, / A beautiful spot, good food, good sounds: Paradise Point at its finest as always.
- Television actress Ann Davis: Although a "cradle Episcopalian," it wasn't until recently that I began Bible study. I found it to be just full of quotations from the Book of Common Prayer!
- The III Bishop of Albany: Because a thing is true is *not* a sufficient reason for its repetition. A very good rule is never to repeat anything evil of anyone without

first asking oneself questions: 1) Is it true? 2) Is it necessary to repeat it? 3) Will its repetition do any good? And finally, if I answer all these questions in the affirmative, let me be conscious of God's presence as I repeat it.

- Fr Arthur Stanton: God remembere that we are but dust and you can't expect dust to be always up to the mark.
- The Suffragan of Dallas: Remember the offering that represents "our selves, our souls and bodies" does not represent the solution but the problem.
- The Rector of Advent, Boston: When I think of my half-hearted struggle after discipline and goodness, my frequent lapses, the times when I've given up altogether and have followed the promptings of the world, the flesh and the devil, I am filled with a coward's gratitude that I live in a lapsed and tolerant era.
- The Bishop of Western Massachusetts: There is no place in Anglicanism for neo-fundamentalism that makes everyone a Xerox believer, nor for liberalism that leaves the searcher ultimately unsatisfied.
- A stewardship chairman, Diocese of New Jersey: We make a living by what we earn; we make a life by what we share. ——————

• Urban T. Holmes, III, Dean of the University of the South's School of Theolgy: The best thing the Episcopal Church can do right now, for the whole Christian enterprise, is to be the Episcopal Church. When people see some religious expressions current among us they feel unchurched. They came into the Anglican Church because they



wanted a mode of Christianity that speaks to them in their total life, and now they find themselves hounded by things from traditions alien to our own. I have no objection to our being enriched from other traditions. But when we don't know our own tradition, to bring things in from sources alien to us creates a kind of ersatz, phony Anglicanism which I don't think is the real thing at all.

WE RECOMMEND

§ MORE (Mission for Outreach, Renewal and Evangelism, Inc), an Episcopal community on a neighboring mountain, for its sixth annual institute of eight week-long courses on various aspects of Christian spirituality from 5 July through 28 August. For details write MORE, Route 1, Box 800, Eureka Springs, AR 72632.

§ If you have not received the All Saints Sisters' new card catalog: Writing today and asking for a copy (tuck in a dollar or two to cover the cost of printing and postage). From birthdays to Easter to Christmas to what the Sisters call "Assorted Occasions," there are cards, postcards and folders to meet your every need. Write: The Scriptorium, All Saints Convent, POB 3127, Catonsville, MD 21228.

§ The use of closed circuit tele-

vision for magnifying print for readers who are otherwise legally blind: "Works fine," writes one of TAD's veteran subscribers, Bennett Markmann of El Paso, Diocese of Rio Grande.

§ The gift of a year's membership in the Episcopal Book Club (four books a year, six TADS, \$25, \$30 outside the U S) for June graduates, especially those being ordained to the diaconate and priesthood.

§ The hostel for women offered for summertime travelers by one of London's grand old parishes, St Alban the Martyr, Holborn, in walking distance of St Paul's. Three double rooms can accommodate as many as 16 for 65 pounds per week plus 15 percent VAT. Write St Ursula's, Brooke Street, London EC1N 7RD.

ORDER FORM

TO JOIN the **episcopal book club**, please send \$25 (\$30 outside the U S) for the next four selections and check the appropriate boxes.

Start my EBC membership with:

The Hard Awakening (see inside front cover) or
 the Autumn 1981 Book-of-the-Season.

As my gift book, send me:

The Offering of Man by Harry Blamires or
 Charles Simeon of Cambridge by Hugh Alexander Evan Hopkins

(Gift choices subject to stock on hand; substitutes may be sent.)



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EBC READERS' REPORTS



Readers: Fr Simpson, chairman; Kimberly Clark, Lynn Hoke, Fr Fred Jones, Frank McCabe, Elizabeth Sherret, Lucille Zimmermann

TO KNOW GOD is to know one's own true self," writes Fr Kenneth Leech in *True Prayer: An Invitation to Christian Spirituality* (\$10.95, Harper & Row); also the author of *Youthquake* and the much acclaimed *Soul Friend*; he is rector of St Matthew's, Bethnal Green, Diocese of London . . . "Except for the intriguing description of the spiritual movement from absurdity (deafness) to obedience (listening), fans of Henri Nouwen will not find many new insights in his latest book, *Making All Things New* (\$10.95, also H&R)," writes one of our readers of the Yale professor who was a star of this year's Trinity Institute. Nouwen may be in danger of reworking old material or bundling up sermons and lecture notes as a book; the best that can be said of his newest effort is that it is another journey for Christians who seek to enter more deeply into the spiritual life and even for non-Christian seekers who may discover

helpful anchor-points in their search for a spiritual home . . . We may not always see the Church through the eyes of those whose lives are centered in and around Virginia Seminary, but *Looking At the Episcopal Church*



the Episcopal Church

William Sydnor

(\$4.95 Morehouse-Barlow) by a recently retired priest, Fr William Sydnor, is a refreshing approach for clergy or parishioners who have been wanting something beyond the standard books used for inquirers about our faith . . . Worthy to be put alongside it for scriptural studies is *Asking Questions: A Classroom Model for Teaching the Bible* (Mott Media, Milford, MI, \$4.95) by Professor Bruce Lockerie . . . He's also the author of *Fatherlove: Learning To Give the Best You've Got* (\$10.95, Doubleday).

QUARTER WATCH



An Anglican priest, Fr Walter Lini, who was trained in New Zealand and ordained in 1969 for the Diocese of Melanesia (six years later it became the Church of the Province of Melanesia with four dioceses) is head of the state of Vanuatu (formerly New Hebrides) which celebrates its first anniversary of independence on 30 July; it is a nation of some 70 islands with a population of 112,000.

A series of newspaper ads written by Fr George Martin to revitalize his parish church, St Luke's, Minneapolis, Diocese of Minnesota, has found widespread acceptance not only in the Episcopal Church but in other churches around the country as well (300 sets of the first series have been sold).

At its midwinter convention the Diocese of Tennessee (see city: Memphis) voted to ask the 1982 General Convention for consent to create a new diocese in west Tennessee by January 1983 and another in east Tennessee by January 1985. Middle Tennessee, site of the three oldest parishes, will be the continuing diocese.

"The Sympathizing Christ," a large painting given nearly 90 years ago to St Peter's, Hamilton, Diocese of Niagara, by a donor

known today only as "a lady in New York" has been rescued from a basement closet and hung in the narthex, its restoration financed by a parishioner whose membership dates from 1912.

London's charming little Mermaid Theatre, hard by the Thames at Blackfriars near St Paul's, has just been rebuilt for a midsummer opening. Its owner, Lord Miles, says the addition of 110 seats retains the intimacy of the small house where the 1968 Lambeth Conference sat enthralled for a matinee of *Hadrian VII*, the rollicking Frederick Rolfe story of a disgruntled Englishman who suddenly becomes Pope.

The Annie Wright School, Tacoma, Diocese of Olympia, the Northwest's oldest girls' boarding school, has received an anonymous gift of \$20,000 for its new fellows program.

Peter K'wong, new IX Bishop of Hong Kong (first native-born), has a Lancashire shepherd's crook for his crozier. Made by a 74-year-old retired textile worker, the staff has a ram's horn handle carved in the shape of a fish, highly appropriate for a bishop whose charges include a great number of fishermen and who chose the name Peter, for the fisherman-apostle, when he was baptized.



THE QUOTABLE DEHQANI-TAFTI (in *The Hard Awakening*):

The opening words of the book: My first thought, as I stared up into the barrel of the revolver, was one of enormous relief. So this was death. It was over. At last, I was free of the intolerable strain of the past few months.

On his country: *There is a dichotomy within the Persian soul. Deep down, he is Persian, subconsciously aware of the glories of pre-Islamic Iran; regarding the Arab conquest of his country in the 7th century as an unfortunate foreign invasion which wiped out the past glories of the Empire.*

On offering himself for ordination: I realized that the concept of a multi-national, multi-racial, Christian community was too precious to be sacrificed, and I have upheld the idea ever since. I knew that one day we might have to pay heavily for this, and indeed we have done so: but is it possible to achieve anything sublime without sacrifice?

On becoming a Bishop: . . . As I was feeling very unprepared, weak and inadequate for the job, there came to my mind the mysterious, seemingly paradoxical truth contained in the words, "My grace is all you need, power comes to its full strength in weakness." (II Corinthians 12:9). Fear and uncertainty disappeared. I realized that I was qualified for the job simply because I thought I was not qualified.

On assessing work: The success or failure of the Christian mission is not to be judged in terms of political or material results. . . . It is seen in the lives of innumerable individuals changed from selfishness to unselfish living, from ignorance to knowledge, from abject misery to the dignity of the Sons of God.

On his son's murder: *He was not particularly interested in the earth which is over the grave, but in what may grow out of it: the fruits of the Spirit.*

In conclusion: The only remedy for a false view of the Cross is the Cross itself.

(Excerpted from EBC's Book-of-the-Season)

(Continued from inside front cover)



serenity amid anguish is an abiding characteristic. He had, for example, some months earlier headed a diary page with the notation, "They are coming for me this morning," and then sat writing in his chapel while awaiting arrival of accusing revolutionists.

In all instances — journal, meditations, prayers, sermons, letters, and the book itself — he is unfailingly free of bitterness and full of forgiveness.

"... It is not my intention to denigrate my own country or its people in any way," prefaces the Bishop. "Rather [I write] because I love my country and my people, and above all my small Church."

Set within the framework of over three decades devoted to our Lord, the narrative is a clear and objective account of what is usually Nazi Germany resurrected in another part of the world. As Dietrich Bonhoeffer's letters from the Reich of the 30s have enhanced countless sermons, so will Dehqani-Tafti's poignant words from his own prison of exile in England.

As we noted as we were going to press with our most recent issue, the 116-page book is a worthy contribution to the literature of survival. Economically, EBC members save an average of more than four dollars over the publisher's price and pay no postage surcharge.

Closing the book, one possesses a better understanding of the whole Iranian situation than newsreels or newsmagazines have been able to give — and with myriad extra insights. Here we see, through Iranian eyes, why Jesus Christ — Himself born into the Middle East culture — is unacceptable to the man in the mosque. We realize how the Saviour seems an exclusive deity of the often unwelcome Westerner. And lastly we understand why British and Americans are never quite free of suspicion even while opening the doors for much needed institutions (mission-run schools, orphanages, hospitals, and clinics for the blind) and providing lifelong employment for many Iranians.

As for the Bishop's banishment to "lonely exile," his life shines with a renewal of faith that will ennoble his ministry whether it runs its course abroad or in his one-day, prayed-for return to his countrymen — most especially to Iran's "little flock" of beleaguered Episcopalians.



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